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Maria Christina Merriman

A Present from her Godfather

H. G. M.

1845.

Bound up in 1848.

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M. C. From her Uncle Ha.

SACRED VERSES,

WITH

Pictures.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.

Part First.

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.
THE WIDOW OF NAIN.
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WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.
THE BURIAL.
THE RESURRECTION.
BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR.
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.
THE CHILD IN THE STORM.

London:
James Burns, Portman Street.

mdcccxlv.

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"HE LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDERS REJOICING."



St. Luke xv. 6: "I have found My sheep which was lost."

"*O good Shepherd*, I thank Thee for Thy tender care and concern for Thy lost sheep. I had indeed been for ever lost, had not Thy love sought and found me when I was astray: for Thy goodness' sake keep me, for the time to come, from wandering from Thee and from Thy fold."

Bp. Wilson's *Prayers*.

Why hast Thou for our earthly gloom
Thus left Thy Father's hall?
"Not for the righteous am I come,
But sinners to recall."

What bear'st Thou from yon desert rock
Upon Thy shoulders bound?
"A sheep that left My Father's flock,
Whom I have lost and found."

What is it causes Angels' mirth
'Mid sons of God in Heaven?
"'Tis some poor sorrowing child of earth
Who is of God forgiven."

What makes the gracious Father rise,
And hasten from His seat?
"'Tis one in distance He descries,
A long-lost son to meet."

What is that poor and abject thing,
Washing Thy feet with tears?
"One that would hide beneath My wing
Her sin and shame and fears."

In Paradise who is that one
That hastes Thy side along?
"One of earth's outcasts I have won;
With Me in death he hung."

Dear words to sinner, at the door
Who feels Thy judgment near;
And still the more he mourns, the more
These words of love are dear.

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"I HAVE GONE ASTRAY,
LIKE A SHEEP THAT IS LOST."

GOOD SHEPHERD, bear Thy long-lost sheep
Upon Thy shoulders home;
By Thine own side the wanderer keep,
That I no longer roam.

When, viewing all the past, I think
How I have gone astray,
My spirit doth within me sink;
I feel me far away.

Thy words, in trembling fear and love,
Then o'er and o'er I read,
Pledging that Thou from heaven above
Wilt come down in our need;

That Thou wilt all our sorrows own
When most we feel forlorn,
And Angels which surround Thy throne
Will pity them that mourn.

With them that mourn loss of Thy grace,
In sorrow and in fear,
The Angels which surround Thy face
And Thou Thyself art near.

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The Warning of Joseph.

No sooner is our Saviour born
 Than He is mark'd by woe;
Those who love Him must learn to mourn
 And suffer pain below.

His parents have done no man wrong,
 That they must flee away;
But all who unto Him belong
 Will this bad world betray.

Yet they are unto God above
 And holy angels dear;
Bright are their footsteps in His love,
 Calm'd by His holy fear.

To Joseph in a vision deep
 The angel now return'd,
And all around him in his sleep
 The light celestial burn'd.



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The Flight into Egypt.

Be still, thou wintry Storm,
Nor hurt her gentle form;
Shine out again from far,
Thou Bethlehem's lowly Star;
Their pathway strew, thou Earth,
For Him who gave thee birth,
By Virgin-mother trod,
The mother with her God.
From nightly winds so wild
She wraps her Holy Child;
In each thought of unrest,
She clasps Him to her breast.
Good Joseph by her side
Hastes, like a Heaven-sent guide;
While Faith throughout the night,
Than morning star more bright;
And round them holy Love
A peaceful light doth prove.





Alb. Durer.

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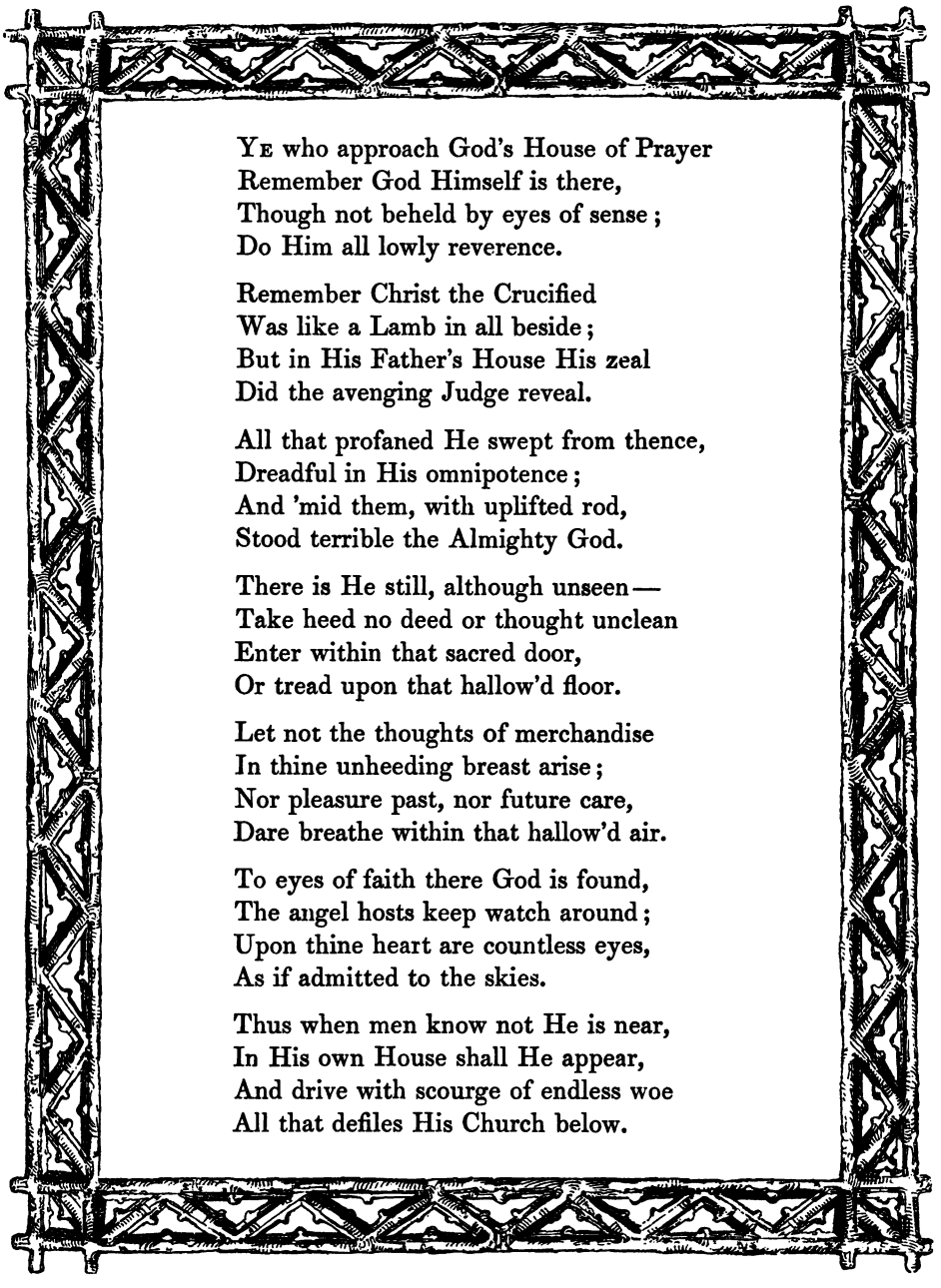
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From Albert Durer. S. Matt. xxi. 13.

IT is written, My house shall be called the House of Prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.

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Ye who approach God's House of Prayer
Remember God Himself is there,
Though not beheld by eyes of sense;
Do Him all lowly reverence.

Remember Christ the Crucified
Was like a Lamb in all beside;
But in His Father's House His zeal
Did the avenging Judge reveal.

All that profaned He swept from thence,
Dreadful in His omnipotence;
And 'mid them, with uplifted rod,
Stood terrible the Almighty God.

There is He still, although unseen—
Take heed no deed or thought unclean
Enter within that sacred door,
Or tread upon that hallow'd floor.

Let not the thoughts of merchandise
In thine unheeding breast arise;
Nor pleasure past, nor future care,
Dare breathe within that hallow'd air.

To eyes of faith there God is found,
The angel hosts keep watch around;
Upon thine heart are countless eyes,
As if admitted to the skies.

Thus when men know not He is near,
In His own House shall He appear,
And drive with scourge of endless woe
All that defiles His Church below.

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"HE WAS THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER, AND SHE WAS A WIDOW."—LUKE vii. 12.

"The whole tale of misery is told in a few words. The mother was a widow, and had no hope of having children; she had no one upon whom she might look in the place of him that was dead. To him alone she had given suck; he alone made her home cheerful. All that is sweet and precious to a mother, was he alone to her."—ST. GREGORY NYSSEN.

WHO says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink?—
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which even beside that mournful bier
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,

Bids weep no more.—O heart bereft,
How strange to thee that sound!
A widow o'er her only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,
For Christ hath touched the bier—
The bearers wait with wondering eye,
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,
But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

Even such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some churchyard-gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.



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And such the tones of love which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embittered spirit's strife—
" The Resurrection and the Life
Am I: believe, and die no more."

Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the church's shade,
Nor wake until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

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"He had one only daughter, about twelve years of age,
and she lay a dying."—*Luke* viii. 42.

YOUTHFUL maiden, beauty's flower,
Opening for thy summer hour,
Know there is a sadder death
Than this one, of parting breath.
First of all, in secret sins
The undying worm begins;
But when prayer is given o'er,
Then the pulse doth beat no more;
Next, when Faith in God's high will
Ceases, then the breath is still.
Soon Decay, with secret traces,
All the work of God effaces;
Yet awhile calm beauty lingers,
E'en beneath Death's silent fingers;
For the features still are fair,
You might think that life was there.
Now, before Corruption foul
Makes his bed in that dark soul,
Blest if love should thither lead
Christ, the Raiser of the dead.
Upon Him, with earnest call,
Cast thyself, thine all in all
Make Him; what though others scorn,
Mock, and laugh, or o'er thee mourn,
Life shall soon resume her seat,
Thou with Him shalt rise and eat.



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Reflections.

FROM THE VENERABLE BEDE.

"THE maid arose straightway," because when Christ strengthens the hand, man revives from the death of the soul. There are some who only by secret thought of sin bring death on themselves; the Lord, by raising the ruler's daughter, signifies that He restores such to life. Others, committing evil in act, carry out, as it were, their dead; by raising the widow's son without the gates, He shews that He can raise these also. But some, by habits of sin, bury themselves as it were, and become corrupt: the grace of the Saviour is not wanting to raise even these; to intimate this He raised Lazarus from the dead, who had been four days in the grave. But the deeper the death the more intense must be the repentance. The maid who lay dead in the room He raises with a gentle voice; the youth who was carried out He strengthens with many words; but to raise Him who had been dead four days, He groaned in His spirit, He poured forth tears, and cried with a loud voice. We may further observe, that a public falling away needs a public remedy; while slight offences may be blotted out by secret repentance. The maid lying in the house rises again with few witnesses; the youth without the house is raised in the presence of a crowd which accompanied him; Lazarus, when summoned from the tomb, was known to many nations at the Passover.

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From Albert Durer. S. Luke xxii. 39.

O Holy Lamb, slain ere the world was made,
And hast Thou from Thy Father's bosom come,
Thyself the Sacrifice
Dimly shadow'd of old?

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But why thus kneeling on the cold, dark ground?
Oh, why that look of fearful agony,
While from Thy livid frame
Thy blood falls drop by drop?

It is the mighty anguish of Thy soul,
And horror at the weight of others' crimes,
To bear Thy Father's wrath,
And terrors of the lost.

It is the proffer'd Cup Thy soul affrights:
Ah! if it be that Thou drink not the whole,
We everlastingly
Must drink, and suck the dregs!

But love doth master terror's agony —
Love, strong as death, and His blest Father's will;
Calmly He yields Himself
To darkness and to death.

From a Latin Hymn.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from Heaven to Hell descend,
Thee to befriend;
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will, but Thine be done!"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest.

Christian Year.

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From Albert Durer. S. John xiii. 5.

LORD, why in this mysterious scene
Art Thou thus kneeling low?
Teach us what Thou by this dost mean
That we should do or know.

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SEVEN LESSONS.

Baptism.

Is it unless we cleansed be
By Thy Baptismal Grace,
We cannot Thy new kingdom see,
And have in Thee a place?

Repentance.

Or is it that we wash our feet
With penitential tears,
Soil'd with the dust we daily meet
'Mid worldly hopes and fears?

Self-Abasement.

Or is it that we onward press,
The humblest to be found,
And in all deeds of lowliness
Be bowed unto the ground?

Brotherly Kindness.

Or that with kindly offices
Our brother we befriend,
Laying aside our pride and ease,
Down to his feet to bend?

Charity.

Or that by gentle charities
His name we render clean,
Look on him with a brother's eyes,
And hide his faults when seen?

Suffering.

Or that if, tried with pain below,
We are baptised in blood,
Those healing waters, we shall know,
Are sweeten'd by the wood?

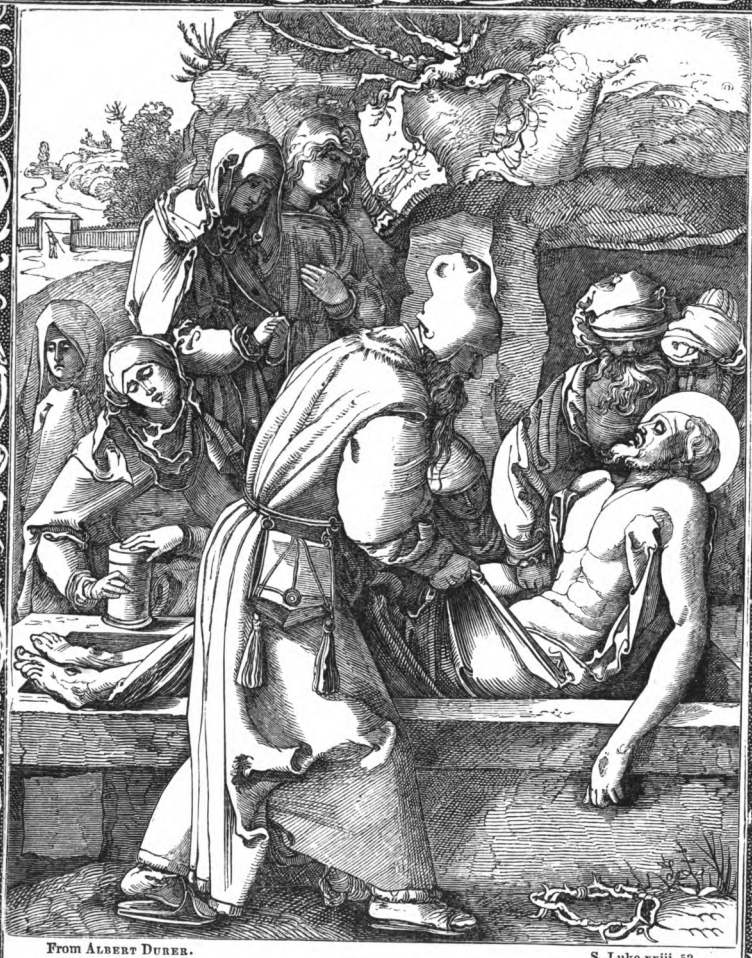
The Lord's Supper.

Or that we first must cleanse our feet,
According to Thy word,
Before we shall be guests found meet
For Supper of the Lord?

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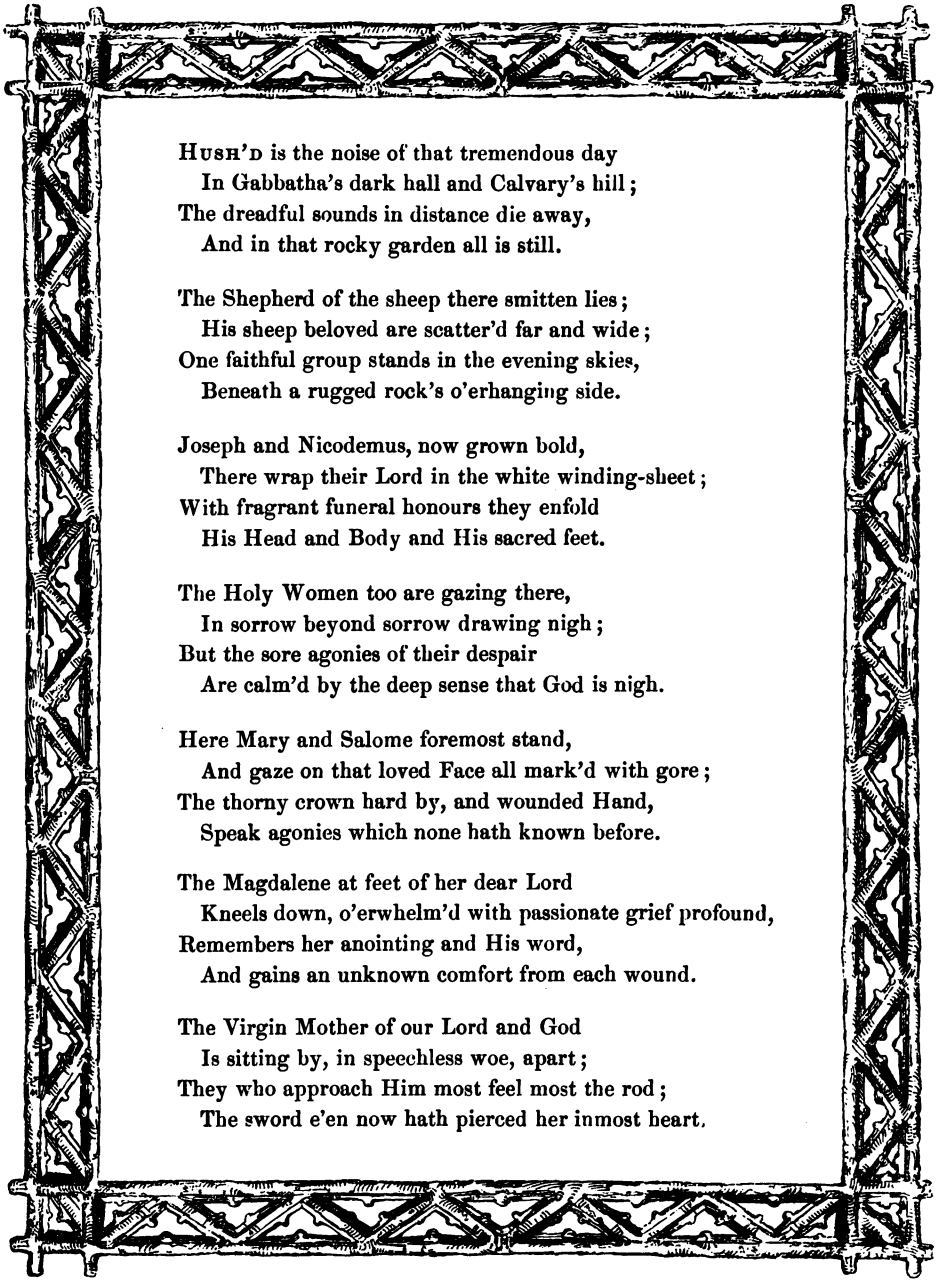
From Albert Durer.

S. Luke xxiii. 53.

ONE shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? Then shall He answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of My friends.

Zech xiii. 6.

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Hush'd is the noise of that tremendous day
In Gabbatha's dark hall and Calvary's hill;
The dreadful sounds in distance die away,
And in that rocky garden all is still.

The Shepherd of the sheep there smitten lies;
His sheep beloved are scatter'd far and wide;
One faithful group stands in the evening skies,
Beneath a rugged rock's o'erhanging side.

Joseph and Nicodemus, now grown bold,
There wrap their Lord in the white winding-sheet;
With fragrant funeral honours they enfold
His Head and Body and His sacred feet.

The Holy Women too are gazing there,
In sorrow beyond sorrow drawing nigh;
But the sore agonies of their despair
Are calm'd by the deep sense that God is nigh.

Here Mary and Salome foremost stand,
And gaze on that loved Face all mark'd with gore;
The thorny crown hard by, and wounded Hand,
Speak agonies which none hath known before.

The Magdalene at feet of her dear Lord
Kneels down, o'erwhelm'd with passionate grief profound,
Remembers her anointing and His word,
And gains an unknown comfort from each wound.

The Virgin Mother of our Lord and God
Is sitting by, in speechless woe, apart;
They who approach Him most feel most the rod;
The sword e'en now hath pierced her inmost heart.

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Christ risen.

In majesty unspeakable
He rose from the dark grave,
Victorious o'er the powers of hell,
Omnipotent to save.

The soldier-guard that watched the tomb
Lay breathless with affright,
Their souls were wrapt with twofold gloom,
While round them shone the light.

Then came that holy company
Of mourners ever blest,
The sepulchre of death to see,
But found an angel-guest.

Why seek the Living 'mong the dead?
No more the grave's dark prison
Shall hold Him in her silent bed;
The Lord of life is risen!







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Christ risen.

Angels come on joyous pinion
 Down the heaven's melodious stair;
Triumphing o'er death's dominion,
 Up to this our lower air,
 Christ is rising,
 And doth burst the sepulchre.

All in vain the posted station
 Of the armèd soldiery,—
All in vain the faithless nation
 Sets the seal and watches nigh;—
 Ye need not fear,
 None shall reach where He doth lie.

He Himself, from sleep awaking,
 Who now hidden lies in gloom,
Through your seals, and without breaking,
 Shall come forth and leave the tomb;
 Death cannot hold
 Him born of a Virgin's womb.

When His heart stern death was rending,
 They cried out, "Thy death-bed leave,
And from off Thy cross descending,
 We will upon Thee believe!"
 To death resign'd,
 He would suffer no reprieve.

No, He hath not thence descended,
 Or ye would for ever grieve;
But from death He hath ascended;
 Will ye not in Him believe?
 'Tis He alone
 Can your chains of death relieve.

Lord, with Thee in daily dying
 May we die, and with Thee rise;
And on earth, ourselves denying,
 Have our hearts within the skies,—
 To sing our God,
 Three in One, sole Good and Wise.

From a Latin Hymn.

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"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK."

REV. iii. 20.



A STRANGER in the morning light,
Without the door He stood,
His locks are wet with dews of night,[1]
His hair is drench'd with blood.

Lord, art Thou still a stranger, then,
By love and pity led,
No place among the sons of men
To lay Thy sacred Head?

Thou bid'st us knock with earnest cries,
And none on earth so poor
But if he knocks, Thou wilt arise,
And ope for him the door.[2]

Still Thou for us art listening long,
To rise and let us in,
We heed Thee not, we do Thee wrong,
And stray in ways of sin:

For all too well Thy spirit knows
Short time doth yet remain
Before the eternal door shall close,
And we shall knock in vain.[3]

Thou waitest, but we do not hear;
From Heaven Thou comest down;
To us on earth Thou drawest near,
Thy wandering sheep to own.

Yea, Thou Thyself to us art come,
And listening at the door,
Seeking with us to make Thine home,
And dwell for evermore.

[1] Song of Solomon v. 2.
[2] Matt. vii. 7.
[3] Luke xiii. 25.

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His locks are wet with dews of night,
 His hair is drenched with blood,
And long within the morning light
 He at the door hath stood.

Two men of old the risen Lord
 Once joined along the way,
With burning hearts they heard His word,
 And urged with them to stay.

Beneath their roof then Him they led,
 An unknown stranger-guest,
When suddenly in breaking bread
 Their God was manifest.[1]

'Tis He that's called the Morning Star
 Who listeneth at thy door,
Within His side there is a scar,
 His hands are mark'd with gore.

If thou wilt ope the door e'en now,
 His pledge to thee is given;
" Then I will sup with thee below,
 And thou with Me in Heaven."[2]

A Stranger in the morning light
 Without the door He stood,
His locks are wet with dews of night,
 His hair is drench'd with blood.

[1] Luke xxiv. 31. [2] Rev. iii. 20.

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The Guardian Angel.



"TAKE HEED THAT YE DESPISE NOT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES: FOR I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN."

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Child on the Plank.

See those bubbles, one, two, three,
How they sparkle! now they flee,
Now they stop and look at me;
Then they hide; now, three, four, five,
Whirl about as if alive;
Then they break; and then another
Rises up, and wheels around,
With that rippling, pleasant sound.
But how little does my mother
Think that I have strayed so far,
Or what I have got for her!

Guardian Angel.

Gently tread, my little one!
Fair and bright the waters run;
But where most they seem asleep,
There are whirlpools very deep;
And you have no stay to hold
On the plank so free and bold;
And to save yourself, I know,
You that flower would ne'er let go.

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The Child in the Storm.



"FOR THEY SAY THAT LITTLE INFANTS
REPLY BY SMILES AND SIGNS
TO THE BAND OF GUARDIAN ANGELS
THAT ROUND ABOUT THEM SHINES."

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DARK the mountains are, and drear,
And no human footstep near;
'Neath the shelter of my wing
Safely sleep, thou helpless thing;
For the storm that beats so wild
Shall not harm thee, little child.
From beyond the silver star
Have I spied thee from afar;
And have come, my watch to keep
O'er thee smiling in thy sleep.
Gently smile, my little one,
For thou art not left alone;
Happy would thy mother be
Could she wisdom learn of thee—
'Mid the tempest thus to smile,
And to trust in God the while.
He through the dark mountain-way
Watches where her footsteps stray;
But she is half dead with care,
For she knows not He is there.

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M. L. M. From his Uncle Harry

PART II.

SACRED VERSES,

WITH

Pictures.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.

Part Second.

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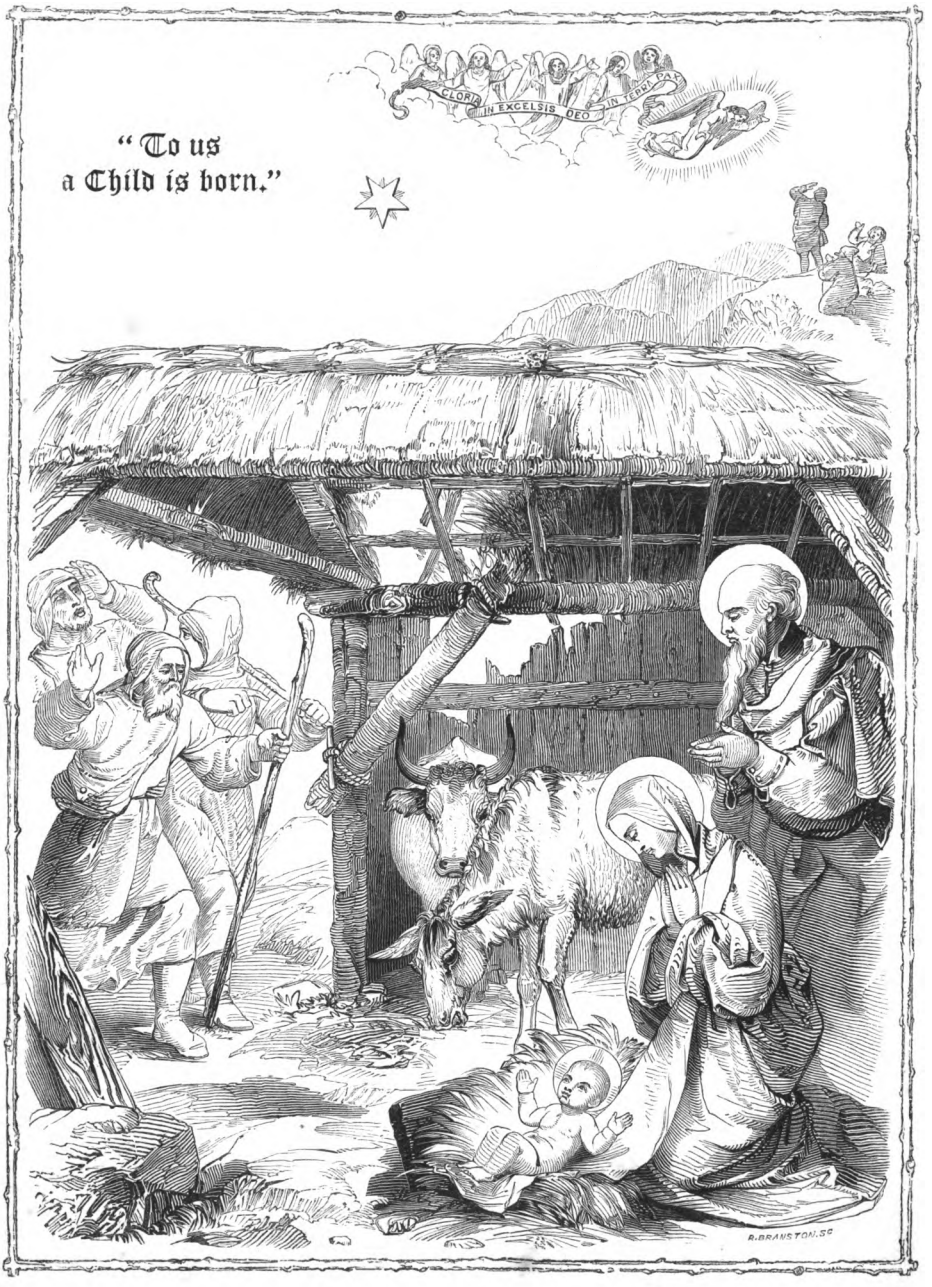
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James Burns, Portman Street.

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In dead of night profound
Is heard a seraph sound
Of never-ending morn,—
The Lord of Glory born
In a poor homely shed, on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd,
If it might be allowed,
We too would enter there,
With awful hastening fear,
And kiss that cradle meek, in reverent worship bound.

O sight of strange surprise!
That fills our gazing eyes,—
A manger coldly strew'd
Upon the ground so rude,
A leaning Mother poor, and Child that helpless lies!

Art Thou, O wondrous sight!
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in Thy hand
The sky, and sea, and land,
Who than the glorious Heavens art more exceeding bright?

'Tis so:—Faith darts before,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
She sees the God of all,
Where Angels prostrate fall,
Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round Thee break,
Yet doth Thy silence speak—
As with that still small sound,
Wherein our God is found—
That man should leave his pride, the things of Heaven to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,
Be born, and make us Thine;
Within our souls reveal
Thy love and power to heal,
And make our hearts to be Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

From a Latin Hymn.

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"He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

"Let us, then, also ourselves be subject to our parents. And if we have not parents, yet to those who are to us of the age of parents. And why should I speak of parents? If Jesus, the Son of God, is subject to Joseph and Mary, shall I not be subject to my Bishop, who has been appointed my father of God? Shall I not be subject to my Priest, who is set over me by the Lord? And let every one observe, that an inferior person is often set over those who are greater than himself."

ORIGEN *on St. Luke.*

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Come, little child, here mayst thou view
A mirror sent from Heaven,
A pattern of obedience true
To holy children given.

Art thou more wise in thine own eyes
Than are thy parents poor?
See where the Wisdom of the skies
Stoops on this cottage-floor!

Or thinkst thou that thy parents weak
Are not so good as thou?
Behold the Lamb of God, most meek,
To sinful parents bow.

He whom angelic hosts obey,
The God and King of all,
Yields to a humble mother's sway,
And hears His father's call.

He Who of all the worlds unseen
Doth the vast pillars bear,
Here carries wood in lowly mien —
"Son of the carpenter."

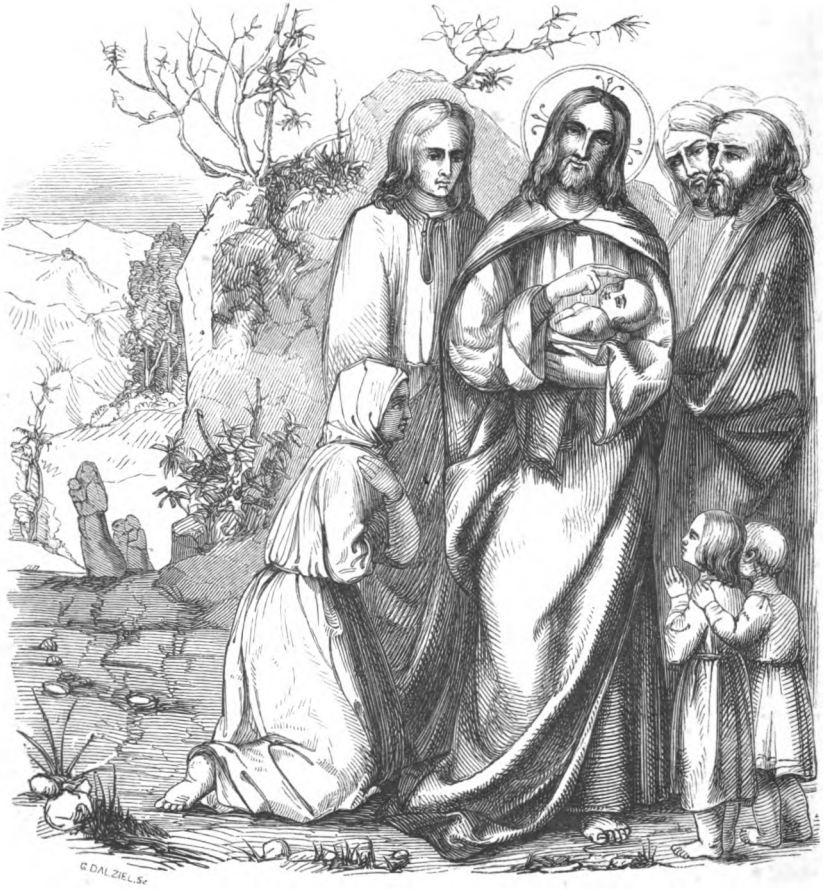
The stars on high His fingers made,
And Heaven's bright arch have spann'd,
Yet deign to His poor father's trade,
With meek obedient hand.

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"YE PERCEIVE HOW BY THIS OUTWARD GESTURE AND DEED HE DECLARED HIS GOOD WILL TOWARD THEM; FOR HE EMBRACED THEM IN HIS ARMS, HE LAID HIS HANDS UPON THEM, AND BLESSED THEM."



"DOUBT YE NOT THEREFORE, BUT EARNESTLY BELIEVE THAT HE WILL LIKEWISE FAVOURABLY RECEIVE THIS PRESENT INFANT; THAT HE WILL EMBRACE HIM WITH THE ARMS OF HIS MERCY."

Baptismal Service.

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Christ blessing Little Children.

How blest that child whom Christ of old,
In holy Palestine,
Did in His sacred arms enfold,
And bless with hands divine!

MORE BLEST THE CHILD WITH CHRIST WHO LIVES
WITHIN HIS CHURCH ON EARTH,
WHOM IN HIS ARMS HE TAKES, AND GIVES
THE NEW AND HEAVENLY BIRTH.

How careful was that child, I ween,
Which felt His gracious arm,
To flee through life from deeds unclean,
And keep that holy charm!

MORE CARE HE NEEDETH UNTO WHOM
THE HOLY GHOST IS GIVEN,
ADMITTED TO THE CHURCH'S HOME,
AND MADE AN HEIR OF HEAVEN.

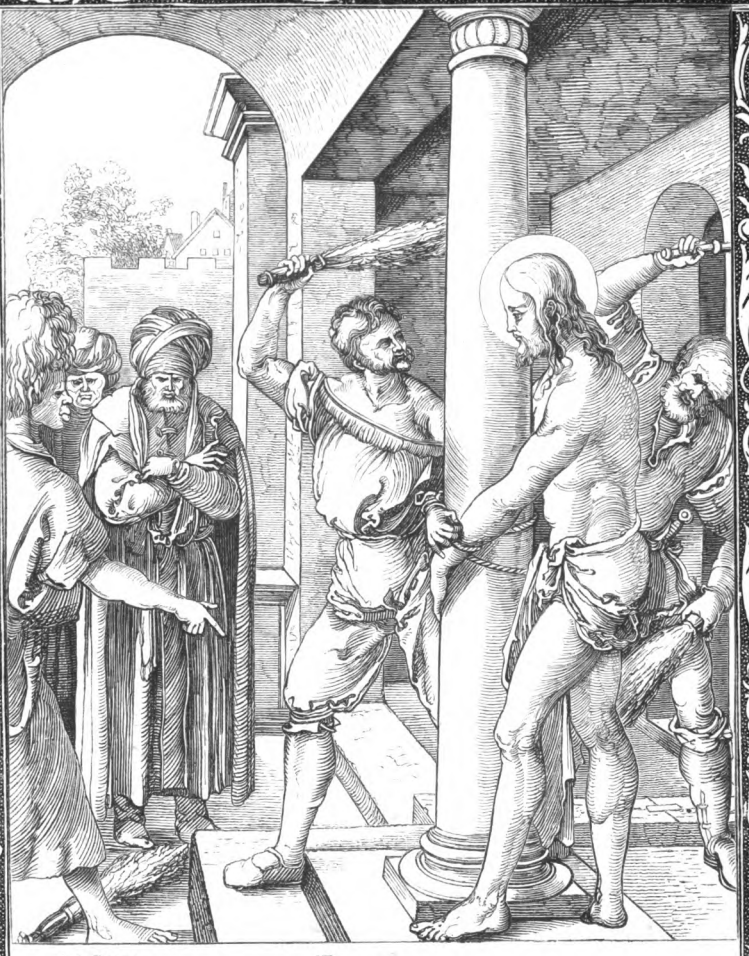
He took that child within His hands,
And set him down again,
To wander forth 'mid Jewish lands,
Which 'neath His wrath remain.

BUT WITH THIS BABE WHOM NOW HE TAKES,
HE DOTH CONTINUE STILL;
HIS PRESENCE NE'ER THAT CHILD FORSAKES
WHO STRIVES TO DO HIS WILL.

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ALB. DURER.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

Is. liii. 5.

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The Scourging.

And now with scourges, for my sake,
His tender flesh they break;
Fierce soldiers lift the bleeding rod
Against Thee, O my God!

But not Thy sufferings or Thy love
Proud Pharisees can move;
Unfeeling still they stand and cry,
That Thou our King must die.

Alas! our sins, in deed and thought,
On Thee these pains have brought;
Yet day by day, still more and more,
We add unto their store.

O Lord, in pity strong to save,
One thing of Thee I crave,—
That o'er my sins, which Thou hast borne,
I still may learn to mourn;

As Thou for me hast felt to feel,
And all my wounds reveal;
Lest I be forced from Thee to go,
With rod of endless woe.

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ALB. DURER.

"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."

Is. liii. 7.

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Christ before Herod.

A CORD around His neck was hung,
Reproaches o'er Him flung,
While through the streets they led to die
The Lamb of God Most High.
Behind Him bound His sinless hands,
Before the king He stands,
Like some poor guilty criminal,
Within that judgment-hall.
While fierce and loud the murderous cries
Without that hall arise,
As of wild beasts that stand and bay,
When they behold their prey,—
So calm and gentle still He stood,
In his meek fortitude,
Herod himself is moved to see
His fearless majesty.
O Lord, I tremble to behold
These men so rude and bold;
Alas! they know not that e'en now
All knees to Thee shall bow,
And we with them together meet
Before Thy judgment-seat!

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The Way of Sorrows.



From Overbeck.

"THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

Is. liii. 6.

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MEEK VICTIM, is Thy strength undone?
Thy pains are but begun;
What are these burdens and these blows,
But foretaste of Thy woes?

My God and Maker! is this Thou
That thus to earth dost bow?
Forced by a rabble coarse and rude,
Exulting in Thy blood.

The mangling scourge, the piercing thorn,
Thy tender limbs have torn;
And more than all Thy torturers see
Was last night's agony:

These, with the sorrow, pain, and shame,
Have overwhelm'd Thy frame,
That now Thy tottering knees sink down
Beneath Thy bleeding crown.

But yet Thy words, just spoke aloud
To that sad female crowd,[1]
Tell of a heavier weight within,—
Thy sorrows for our sin.

Sharp was the scourge, and keen the thorn,
And dread the shame and scorn;
But saddest in that funeral pall—
The burden of us all.

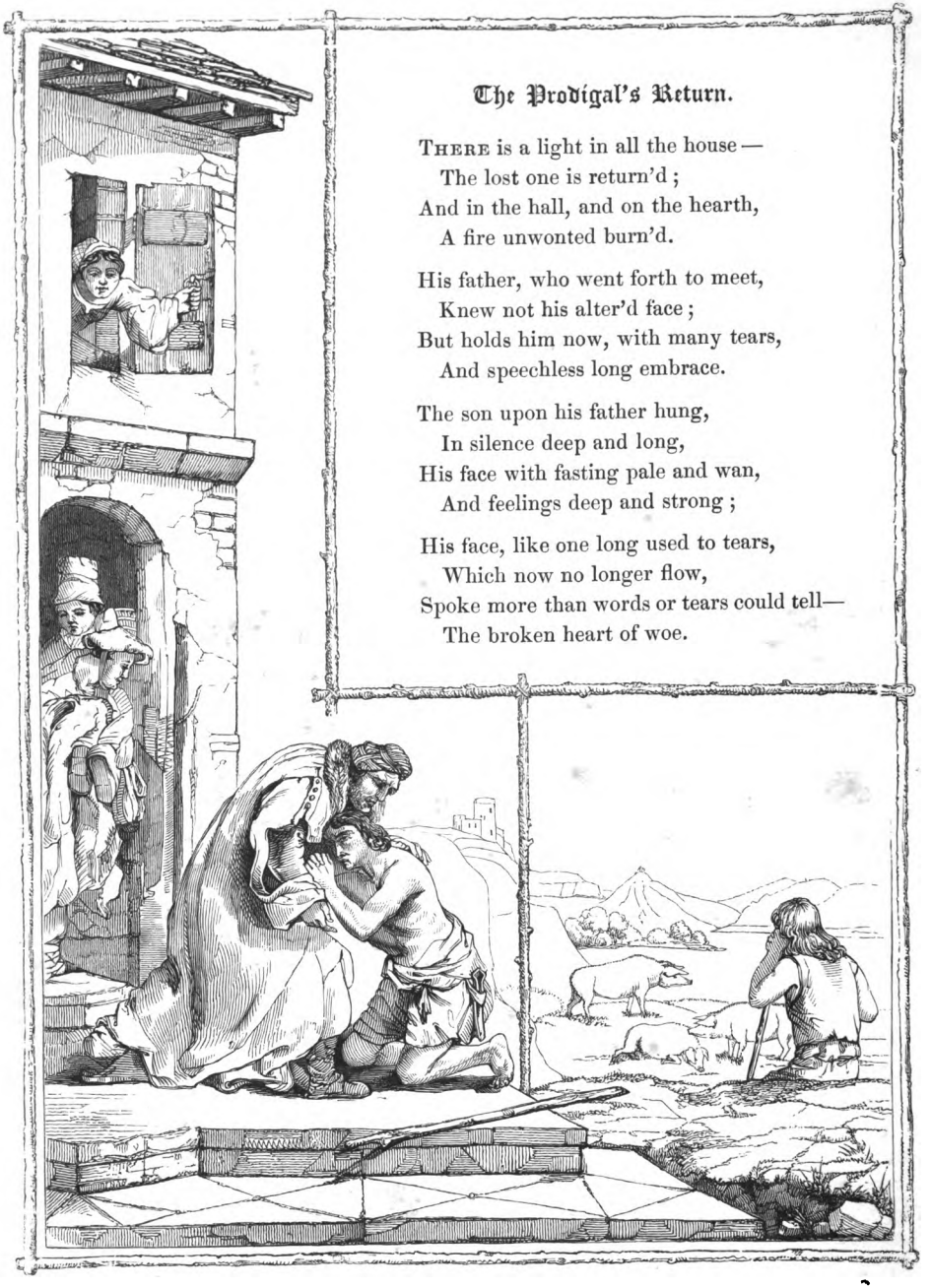
Careless they lift their heads on high,
And force Thee on to die,
Types of ourselves, that little heed
The weight that made Thee bleed.

[1] Luke xxiii. 28.

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The Prodigal's Return.

THERE is a light in all the house —
The lost one is return'd;
And in the hall, and on the hearth,
A fire unwonted burn'd.

His father, who went forth to meet,
Knew not his alter'd face;
But holds him now, with many tears,
And speechless long embrace.

The son upon his father hung,
In silence deep and long,
His face with fasting pale and wan,
And feelings deep and strong;

His face, like one long used to tears,
Which now no longer flow,
Spoke more than words or tears could tell—
The broken heart of woe.

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"I will arise, and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Sentence before Daily Service.

If I forget the ways I trod,
They are remember'd more of God;
If they remember'd are by me,
They are forgotten, Lord, by Thee.
But oft as I to Thee repair,
Still open is Thy house of prayer,
And written o'er my Father's hall
The tale of that poor Prodigal.
Still would I turn from day to day,
Mourning o'er all that's past away—
Still to my Father's house return,
And more and more abasement learn:
Thus may I ever strive to know
My want, my weakness, and my woe,
Until at length I come to see
My guilty soul and self in Thee;
My tears shall then become a flood
Which may be mingled with Thy blood,
And flow into my heart again,
There wash away each hidden stain;
And then anew, from the heart's seat,
Flow o'er my lips, my hands, my feet;
That so wash'd clean, a welcome guest,
I at Thy table may find rest,
Cloth'd with that robe of countless price,
And feed upon that sacrifice.

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The Ten Virgins.

"BE YE ALSO READY: FOR AT SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT, THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

"Oh, may I ever ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice."

DAY of wrath! — that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne,—

Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And Creation, at the blast,
Rise, to answer for the past.

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Then the Volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the Judge shall sit!—Oh! then
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me!

Lord, remember me, I pray,
Object of Thy saving way,
Lest Thou lose me on that day.

Weary seeking me wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow—
Be Thy toils availing now!

Judge of justice, Thee I pray,
Grant me pardon while I may,
Ere that awful reckoning Day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done:
Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One!

Thou didst set th' adult'ress free,
Heard'st the thief upon the tree,
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame!

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from th' accursed line,
Set me on Thy right with Thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven!

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men,—
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.
AMEN.

From the Latin.

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The Pilgrim at the Cross.

Now weary men are tending to their home,
The sun is going down on mount and sea;
Where shall the way-worn Pilgrim cease to roam,
Or find on earth a resting-place, but Thee?

This is the Pilgrim's way-side hospital,
With oil and wine meet for his sorrowing breast;
From hence Thy loving accents seem to call,—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and find rest.

This shall be fire to warm his world-chill'd heart,
A light to lighten in the darkest gloom,—
In life or death in Thee to have his part,—
Here shall the homeless traveller find a home.

Home-loving men, amid their homes at ease,
They are of all most homeless; and where'er
The Palmer strays, each man on earth he sees
Is but a stranger and a sojourner.

And village-homes that seem so still and bright,
By golden streams and meadows rich and fair,
And castellated holds on mountain-height,
That catch the sun's last gleams, raised high in air,—

All these unreal things appear to me,
The melancholy shadow of a shade;
Or cloudy pageants in the setting sun,
That seem so fair because so soon to fade.

JOHN JOHNSON Bibl Bodl.

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But this is that enduring Sign in Heaven,
That when the skies and earth shall pass away,
Shall then outshine the sun in the world's even,
And be the light of an eternal day.

The sun is going down, and bids good night
To homeward-wandering men, and field, and town;
Thou art my light in darkness, and more bright
When this sun fails,—a Star that goes not down.



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The Angel of Death.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

KING of wisdom, on his throne
Sat the mighty Solomon,
Whom the spirits far away,
And the realms unseen obey.

There Death's Angel, of dread mien,
Was with him in converse seen,
Bearing to him from on high
Secrets of dark destiny.

Then as he assayed to go
From that kingly palace, lo!
In before him, by the door,
Came the ancient Chancellor.

Then were that dark Angel's eyes,
With a solemn deep surprise,
Fix'd upon him, and all o'er
Trembled then the Chancellor.

As his frame with terror shook—
"What doth mean that thrilling look?
Will he bear me hence," he said,
"To the regions of the dead?

Wise and mighty Solomon!
If I have true service done,
For one only boon I plead,—
Grant to me thy fleetest steed!

King and Master, let me flee!
May that look ne'er rest on me!
On the horse that swiftest flies,
Let me 'scape that Angel's eyes."

"All thy wish I grant, my son,"
Spake the kingly Solomon;
"But think not that God's decree
Can by flight avoided be."

Over mountains, like the breeze—
Over mountains, lands, and seas,
That old man, on wings of morn,
Hurries to earth's furthest bourne.

Many thousand leagues are past;
On he flies—and on;—at last,
In the evening, all alone,
Stood he by a desert stone:

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There he sinks, and, pale with fear,
Feels that chilly death is near;—
Lo, that Angel's solemn mien
Sitting on the stone is seen!

Then said he, with failing breast,
"Ere thou take me to my rest,
Tell me what, at morning's rise,
Fix'd on me thy wond'ring eyes?"

Upward did the Angel gaze—
"Lord, how wondrous are Thy ways!
His command to me was given,
Here to wait for thee at even:

With the king at early day
I beheld thee, far away;
Now, before the day is done,
Thou art at th' appointed stone.

Then I wonder'd to behold,
How one so infirm and old,
Thus, in regions far away
I could meet at parting day."

Thus he spake.—The stone beside
That old man at evening died,
Who had fled from Death so fast,
Thus to meet him at the last.



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A Legend of St. Austin.

BESIDE the solitary shore
Great Austin stray'd at even,
Deep wrapt in meditation's lore,
And seeking light from Heaven.

His eyes he turn'd to Heaven for light
To know God's mysteries,
But seem'd to dive in hidden night,
And dark and pathless seas;

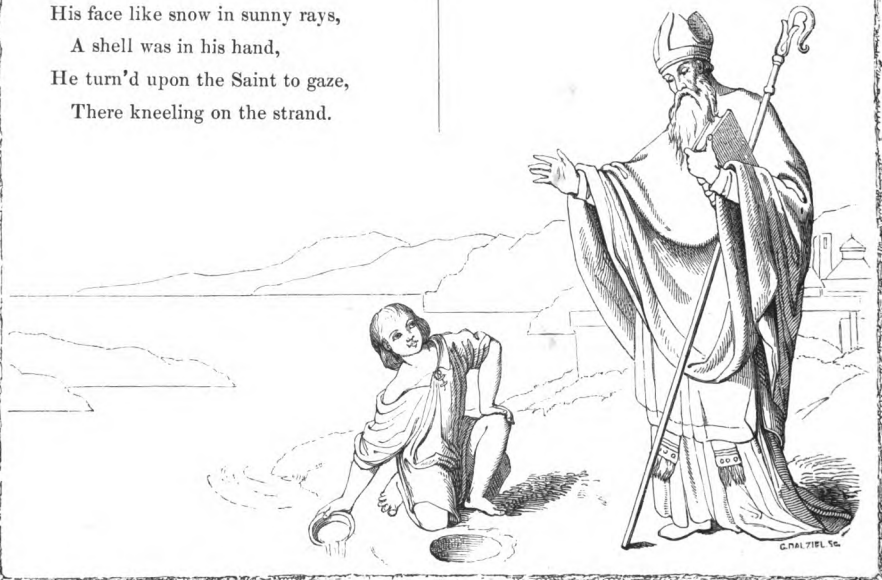
Then wander'd on all fruitlessly,
To visions vain and wild;
When, lo! before him, by the sea,
There kneel'd a little child.

His face like snow in sunny rays,
A shell was in his hand,
He turn'd upon the Saint to gaze,
There kneeling on the strand.

"Help me," said he, "this sandy hole
To fill with the vast sea;
'Tis easier than to fill the soul,
Almighty God, with Thee."

The Saint bow'd to the holy child,—
He suddenly from sight
Then vanish'd, like a spirit mild,
Or mist in morning light.

The good man kept that warning word;
And though he soar'd to Heaven,
To him, e'en when to Heaven he soar'd,
A childlike mind was given.



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St. Austin and his Mother Monica.

"The day now approaching whereon she was to depart this life, it came to pass, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where, removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey. We were discoursing then together alone very sweetly; and, *forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before*, we were inquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the Saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man*. But we panted after those heavenly streams of *the Fountain of life*, which is *with Thee*.

"And when our discourse was brought to that point—that the highest delight of the earthly senses was, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention,—raising ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the same, we passed by degrees through all things bodily, even the very heavens, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth; and by inward musing and admiring of Thy works, we arrived at that region of never-failing plenty, where *Thou feedest Israel* for ever with the food of Truth, and where life is the *Wisdom* by whom *all things were made*.

"In that day, when we were speaking of these things, and this world with all its delights became, as we spake, contemptible to us, my Mother said, 'Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in any thing in this life. One thing there was for which I desired to linger for a while, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now see thee withal despising earthly happiness, and become His servant.'

"Scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever."

St. Aug. *Con.* b. ix.

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St. Wenceslaus.



The snow lies deep throughout the night
O'er hill, and grove, and town,
And on its silvery mantle bright
The cold clear moon looks down.

"Heap up the wood," the rich man cries,
The fire burns bright and warm;
Inward to Heaven the poor man sighs,
And trembles at the storm.

There gently steals a form of good,
Like one from Bethlehem's shed,
His shoulders bear a pile of wood,
A kingly crown his head.

King Wenceslaus, monarch mild—
He seeks a cottage-door;
Friend of the friendless is he styled,
And father of the poor.

"Help me, my honour'd king and lord,"
Then cried his servant old;
"Unless thou timely aid afford,
I sink benumb'd with cold."

"Dear faithful servant," said the Saint,
"Come on, and follow me;
Lift up thy heart without complaint,
And I will pray for thee."

Then in his master's footsteps bold,
He follow'd 'mid the snow,—
His master's footsteps 'mid the cold
Seem'd with a fire to glow.

His heart so chill'd then waxèd warm,
The ice and snow among,
And all throughout his aged form
A kindly warmth hath sprung.

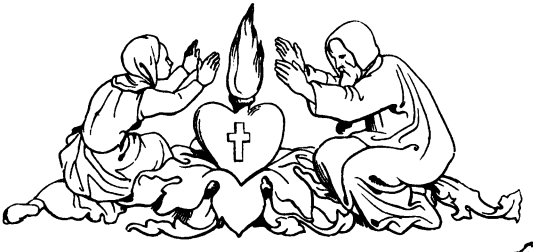
So burn'd within that kingly heart
With holy love of God,
That there was found a fire to start
From footsteps where he trod.

And to that heart such power was given
In winter's cold and storm,
Thereat, as by a fire from Heaven,
The sick and poor were warm.

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Parable of the Saintly King.

Now stay — 'twill not detain you long,
To hear the moral of my song:
Ye poor that lack e'en daily bread,
And have scarce place to lay your head,
Know that God's Saints, who were of old,
Suffer'd for Christ's sake want and cold,
Hardship and toil, and this world's scorn;
Yea, more than ye yourselves have borne
They bore *by choice*, and learn'd to mourn,
That they might draw to Christ more nigh,
Who loveth holy poverty;
Yea, men of riches and great name
Gave up their all, and poor became,
Like Christ Himself, that better so
"The Man of Sorrows" they might know—
Might know Him, counting this world loss,
That they with Him might bear the cross:
For Him they sought in solitude,
For Him would oft forego their food,
That so they might by deeds express
The thoughts of their unworthiness,
And that they might the better pray,—
For seven times pray'd they every day;
And in the night, when others sleep,
They rose again their watch to keep;
For on straw beds, in hardy cells,
They laid them down like sentinels,
And rose to trim their lamps with fear,
Lest the great Bridegroom should appear.
While thus to earthly things they died,
They learn'd to know the Crucified;
For they themselves who mortify,
Do love the more the things on high.
Now, in their steps if you would tread,
And thus to worldly hopes were dead—
If you, I say, would learn of these,
Who of themselves, their Lord to please,
Chose harder lives, poor men, than ye
Are born to of necessity—
Are born to by the will of God,
In paths your blessed Saviour trod—
Their flame would warm your spirits cold,
And you would feel both glad and bold;
Then the old man in you would die,
And, rich in riches of the sky,
Your low estate would be your choice;
Then e'en in that you would rejoice
More than in treasures of a king,
In feasts and soft apparelling;
Through want and pain and this world's storm,
You in their footsteps would be warm,
And, more than all that wealth could buy,
Would love your lowly poverty.



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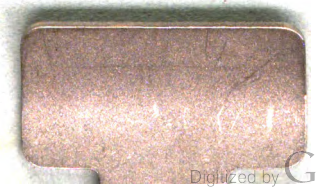
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